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REMEMBERING THE LONGEVITY which Bernard Shaw granted to the most nearly ideal people who ever sat upon the stage, the he- and she-ancients of "Back to Methuselah," we suppose that he considers himself at seventy as very little more than an infant. The human world is so unwise, he then insisted, because it lives so short a while. Give a man several hundred years of trial and error, and he may possibly evolve a sensible method of conducting the affairs of himself and his fellows on the earth. Doubtless Mr. Shaw would like to learn that centuries still stretch before him, and we must confess that no piece of news would please us more. Threescore and ten years are not enough for such as he—whether boy or man we shall not presume to decide. There still are those who denounce him as an international bad boy at the same time that they are worried over one who seems too wise for this world. We can only wish that such boys would be boys forever, or, failing that, could pass on into a green old age among people who not only tolerated but worshiped wisdom.

THE CASE OF SUSIE BOYD proves that Richmond, Virginia, at least, stands for justice to the Negro. Susie forged twenty-two small checks, amounting to $183. Arrested on three indictments, she pleaded guilty, and, without jury or even counsel, was sentenced by Judge W. Kirk Mathews to ten years on each charge, amounting to thirty years in prison. Thereupon a crop of protests sprang up—not, as might be expected, from the Negro community. The white press of Richmond took a firm and dignified stand in editorials against the extreme sentence, and printed columns of letters of protest, some from Negroes but most from whites. The *News-Leader* in an editorial pointed out that on the same day when Susie was sentenced to thirty years for a forgery of $183 a white woman received a two-year suspended sentence for shoplifting goods to the value of $13,000. The *Times-Dispatch* asked the court's leave to join as an *amicus curiae* in a plea for a reopening of the case, which was made by H. W. Oppenheimer, a white lawyer who volunteered his services in Susie's defense. Finally, on the ground that Susie was mentally subnormal and did not understand her right to a counsel and a jury, Judge Mathews reopened the case and reduced the sentence from thirty years to six. The *News-Leader* commends Judge Mathews for his courage in openly admitting and correcting a serious mistake. To this praise we gladly add our own hearty commendation of the *News-Leader*, the *Times-Dispatch*, and the citizens of Richmond. They made real the old theory that all are equal before the law.

ILLINOIS REPUBLICANS do not spend money as freely as Mr. Mellon's friends in Pennsylvania, but they spend plenty. Each of the two Senatorial candidates admits spending about a quarter of a million dollars, which in the ancient days of Newberry, five or six years ago, would have shocked the country. One traction magnate presented the successful Republican candidate with $125,000, and then reinsured himself by offering $15,000 to the successful Democrat. He was a good guesser. As in Pennsylvania, most of the transactions were in cash, which facilitates the covering-up process when the investigators come around. The cheerful aspect of the Chicago situation is that there appears to be something of a civic revolt against this orgy. Illinois is not quite as contentedly corrupt as Pennsylvania.

TEXAS IS STILL a lone star. She insists upon bursting into the news in her own way. She did not stage a national "monkey trial"; but she quietly told the textbook publishers just how to eliminate evolution from the copies sold in Texas (and they did it); and she has a roaring fundamentalist parson who can quietly murder a political enemy in the church study, then post a small bail, and continue preaching to still larger audiences. And she has "Ma" Ferguson, the first woman Governor in these United States. Even in the manner of her defeat "Ma" maintained the Texas tradition. She promised to resign if she did not lead her opponent, Attorney General Dan Moody, by 25,000 votes in the primary, and the Attorney General matched her by agreeing to resign his office if he did not lead. Texas was evidently tired of being governed by "Jim" Ferguson through his wife, and gave Moody a clear majority. It is a singular fact that while there have been good women in our Congress, as in the German Reichstag, the House of Commons, and the Scandinavian legislatures, not one woman has yet achieved real distinction as a legislator or executive. Is it because women are too intelligent to devote themselves to politics? Or mere accident? And will Judge Florence Allen defeat Atlee Pomerene for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Ohio, and break the spell? We hope so.

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THE STRIKING EMPLOYEES of the Interborough Rapid Transit Company had their first taste of violence at the hands of twenty-five detectives of New York's Industrial Squad who were waiting for them outside Manhattan Casino, the strikers' meeting-place, where they had been holding a meeting. The one striker who was arrested is lying in the hospital with broken ribs and a possible fractured skull. Responsibility for the incident has not been fixed, but the company's officials are known to have kept the police informed of the activities of the strikers, and on that evening had reported that the audience in the Casino was listening to "inflammatory speeches." Not to be outdone the police of Passaic have a bigger and better brawl to their credit. Four hundred fur workers of New York, recently victorious in their own strike, went in trucks and buses to Ukrainian Hall in Passaic for a meeting with several thousand textile strikers in support of the relief plans of the United Front Committee. The police first objected to the fur workers' placards, then declared the string of conveyances a parade and attempted to send the fur workers back to New York without the buses which had brought them. Fighting followed, with six arrests. The orgy of police violence which has characterized recent strikes in ostensibly civilized areas must have persuaded many persons even outside the ranks of the strikers that the police can generally be found on the side not of "law and order" but of the employers.

THE GALAXY OF EX-PREMIERS in the new French Cabinet is impressive—and depressing. Here is Poincaré himself, one of the makers of the Russian alliance before the war, and author of the Ruhr invasion which heaped high the debt of France. Here is Briand, the chameleon, ten times Premier, who has espoused every policy on the compass of French politics. Here are Barthou, author of the three-year military-service law; the amiable Leygues; and Painlevé, who waged the war on Abd-el-Krim; here, curiously, is Herriot, the genial leader of the radical Left, who ousted the Briand-Caillaux combination, failed to win the Chamber for himself, and now accepts a humble position as Minister of Public Instruction with men whom he has all his life fought. Here, too, are Louis Marin, who still fights the Germans in his every speech; André Tardieu, with his past of colonial scandal; and Albert Sarraut, a nominal radical who has always succeeded in working with Poincaré. It is a Cabinet of great names—many of them names familiar long before the war. If all these men can work together they must command a majority in the Chamber. But can they work together on a program of economies that must mean demanding drastic taxes from their rich friends and eliminating the political jobs with which they have satisfied their poor supporters?

GREGORY ZINOVIEV has been ousted from the Political Bureau of the Russian Communist Party, the real governing body of Soviet Russia—ousted because, defeated at the party congress, he refused to accept party discipline and secretly organized a sort of counter-revolution within the Bolshevik organization. Thus the mills of revolution grind their grist. For it was Zinoviev who two years ago perfected the machinery which removed Trotzky from his natural position in the inner temple of Bolshevism. Friends of Soviet Russia will rejoice at the fall of this stormy petrel. Zinoviev had a talent for being a revolutionary at the wrong moment. He was against the Soviet Revolution when it occurred, and won his chief fame as leader of the Third International in predicting and promoting revolutions all over Europe when the psychological conditions were not ripe for revolution. He bears a large share of personal responsibility for the bloody and useless "March Action" in Germany in 1921, and for the silly personal dissensions which turned what might have been working-class Communist parties in a dozen countries into mere bands of religious sectaries. The next move will be to remove him from his control of the Third International; when that happens reunion of the labor movements in Europe will be appreciably nearer.

IN FELIX DJERZINSKY, dead of heart disease at 49, Soviet Russia loses one of its legendary heroes. As chairman of the military revolutionary committee, with trusted men in every regiment, he organized the military coup that ousted Kerensky in 1917; and then, as head of the Cheka, he turned his genius to the destruction of counter-revolutionary forces. He believed in Terror as a political instrument, and when in power applied the ghastly lesson he had learned in the prisons of the Czar. It was his job to crush opposition in days when human life seemed trivial. Perhaps only a fraction of the terrible stories told of his administration of the Cheka were true; but he would have scorned to deny the human cost of maintaining Soviet rule in those bloody days. Criticism meant little to him if he succeeded. And he did succeed. He crushed monarchist, anarchist, socialist conspiracies with impartial cruelty. Then, the revolution safeguarded, he reorganized the railroads, and later utilized his extraordinary administrative capacity in the development of Russia's national industries. Something in him of the ruthless efficiency of the "hard-boiled" American business man made the Hoover men of the American Relief Administration admire him more than Lenin. If American criticism of an inefficient railroad official proved true, the man disappeared next day. He preached and practiced the sacrificial discipline of the Russian Communist Party. A mere bourgeois, caught stealing, went to jail; a party member, for the same offense, might die. Son of a Polish noble, classmate of Pilsudski at Vilna, Djerzinsky gave his life for Russia's experiment in communism. He combined the qualities which make Lenin and Henry Ford the twin heroes of the new Russia.

OREGON HAS A PRESIDENT of the State university who has had banking experience and a pleasant smile. A few weeks ago we noted the enthusiasm of the university regents over those qualities, but suggested that Dr. Hall might have other qualities as well. We were, alas, right. Dr. Hall has dared to state in a public speech that national prohibition was not a success, and to add that he was opposed to it in principle. Immediately the Oregon Anti-Saloon League and the Portland Ministerial Association passed resolutions tantamount to demanding his resignation, the Portland *Oregonian* devoted an editorial column to deploring his utterances, and the regents issued a series of apologetic statements devoutly hoping that he had been misquoted. As the Anti-Saloon League said, such expressions of minority opinion "are contrary to the settled policy of Oregon." College presidents, it appears, are entitled to smile and to cash checks, but not to suggest that anything should ever be changed.

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Those Debts

THERE are lies, damned lies, and statistics. Secretary Mellon prefers statistics. In the confused welter of kitchenwife name-calling in which the British and American treasuries, ably supported by the newspapers, have been indulging, this emerges clear: Secretary Mellon has told Europe one thing; he has told America another thing; and he has bolstered his contradictory statements with equally staggering arrays of billion-dollar statistics. If from this blatherskiting episode the American people learn to regard Mr. Mellon and his figures with a profound distrust we shall gain something.

Mr. Mellon wants to settle the inter-Allied debts so that the private bankers can do a rousing business "reconstructing" Europe. In order to achieve that high end he does not scruple to twist his figures to suit his audience. On January 4, speaking to the American people through Congress, he said that no funding of the debts should be made which did not repay the principal; and on May 20, to carry his point, he told Congress that the present value of the proposed French payments was $2,734,000,000, of the Belgian settlement $302,000,000, of the Italian settlement $782,000,000. But on July 14, wishing to impress Europeans with our generosity, he revised his figures and produced a figure for the French of $1,681,000,000, for the Belgian of $192,000,000, for the Italian of $426,000,000. Somehow or other, in less than two months, he lost track of something more than a billion and a half dollars. Which is a great deal of money, even for a Secretary of the American Treasury.

The secret, of course, lies in his playful juggling with the interest rate. If you discount the present value of future payments at 5 per cent, you get one result; if you discount at 2½ per cent, you get a very different result. And our Secretary of the Treasury in his public utterances has juggled the figures to gain his point in a manner which can only be described as dishonest.

He fibbed and figured, to be sure, in an earnest endeavor to persuade the American people to be reasonable about a matter on which they are unreasonable. His principle for settlement was sound—that of "capacity to pay." Any sensible creditor treats with a delinquent debtor on such a basis. To shout at an impoverished debtor that he must pay dollars when he has only cents in his pockets is to make oneself ridiculous. And that, after all, was something like the manner of our Congress in insisting that the debts be collected in full. That insistence, to be sure, was a natural enough product of the national disillusionment with the Treaty of Versailles. The American people were still full of the crusading spirit with which they had been led into the war when that conference opened; when it closed their ideals were dead, and since then they have demanded of those who killed them whatever pounds of flesh the bonds demand. Their statesmen have seldom been conscious of the significance of that mood of disillusionment; but it is the fire behind the isolationism of the masses.

But Mr. Mellon did not attempt to argue the question of Europe's capacity to pay; he simply produced false figures to prove that his settlements were really settlements in full. And Congress accordingly approved the Belgian and Italian settlements—not because it understood and liked them but because Mr. Mellon had deliberately and successfully made it misunderstand them. It was a little startled when the compact scaling the Italian debt was ratified to discover that the bankers had meanwhile negotiated a 7 per cent loan with Italy on the basis of her revived credit. Italy was unable to pay the taxpayers of the United States—who, in the end, pay these inter-Allied debts—but she was rich enough to pay good interest to American bond-buyers. One suspects that even some of Mr. Mellon's calculations of capacity to pay may be, let us say, edited to suit the needs of the hour. And the net result of this false figuring is likely to be to drive the American people into a still more recalcitrant state of mind toward all these debt settlements.

Meanwhile we are subjected to a heavy barrage from both sides of the English Channel. Winston Churchill says that Mr. Mellon's figures are false, and Mr. Mellon's understudy replies that the British figures are false. Whether the British payments cover food or munitions bought during the war does not seem to *The Nation* to matter much. All the advances were made, directly or indirectly, to help on the war; and when the Europeans signed bonds they did so expecting to repay. They have acknowledged their obligations, and their responsible statesmen (we do not rate Winston Churchill as such) argue only as to the amount which they can repay without jeopardizing their economic structure. It is a pity that argument on that point cannot be taken out of the hands of politicians and referred to a genuine committee of experts, without the suspicion that the experts will merely arrange terms on which new and profitable private loans can be substituted for these troublesome inter-government loans. There was a time when a far-sighted government in Washington might have used the debts as an instrument to hasten a world-wide policy of reconciliation; but there was no such vision in the capital, and no policy of reconciliation. Under Poincaré France had its spree in the Ruhr; today she is belatedly paying the cost of it, and blaming America.

Europe, we believe, has never faced the facts of America's position. Even Mr. Snowden, in his wise article in this issue of *The Nation*, does not seem to realize that the "intolerable burden" which he would have us lift from the backs of the British workers must be carried somehow. If European taxpayers do not meet the interest on the Liberty bonds (which raised the money lent to Europe) American taxpayers must. Few Americans want to see Europe squeezed, but before they make the sacrifice, they want to be sure of results.

The American debt has little to do with the crisis of the franc. France has been living by borrowing, and has borrowed money to pay the interest on her previous borrowings. On her debt to the United States—barring some small post-armistice purchases—she has not been paying at all; that debt has affected the present crisis only by keeping her from borrowing more money in the American market. In 1919 French revenues amounted to only 15 per cent of French expenditures; in 1920 to 27 per cent; in 1921 to 40

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per cent; in 1922 to 50 per cent; in 1923 to 56 per cent; in 1924 to 66 per cent; and in 1925 and 1926 the expenditures still overtop the income. The deficits have been in large part concealed, and met by borrowings and by inflations. Until the recent crisis no French Finance Minister dared admit publicly that the franc could never be brought back to its pre-war par but must be stabilized at perhaps an eighth of its former value. There lies the cause of the French crisis, not in the American debt settlement; but it is small wonder that the boulevard crowd, seeing the dollar and pound quotations go up as the franc goes down, vent their excited irritation at the next rude and stupid American tourist whom they meet.

The trouble in France is that politicians have not dared tell the people the truth, and that accordingly things have drifted from bad to worse. And Secretary Mellon, deceiving the American Congress, has only made it more difficult for America to contribute its mite toward a solution.

The Problem of Crime Remains

THE war against crime is taking its usual course. The old guard dies but it never surrenders. The old methods have failed; therefore let us try more of the old methods. It is wisdom of this sort that inspired most of the crime bills that have come from half a dozen State legislatures during the past few months. This is not to condemn them utterly; some of them have merit and only a few are positively mischievous. What is deplorable is that they should be taken seriously as measures of crime repression and thus accepted by the community as a solution of the problem. The public mind has been aroused by the recent propaganda against crime and is demanding that effective measures shall be devised to deal with the evil. What it is getting is a few score laws aiming to treat more drastically the symptoms of the disease. There is available today an extensive and growing body of knowledge of the causes of delinquency. Scores of devoted students, from Miriam Van Waters in Los Angeles to William Healy in Boston, are devising a promising technique for the study and the treatment of the individual delinquent. Hundreds of private social agencies are working at the development of effective preventive and curative measures. The psychiatric branch of the medical profession is prepared to submit a legislative program for dealing conclusively with the large class of mental cases in our criminal population. Of all these efforts which aim at the heart of the problem our amateur reformers of the crime commissions know nothing and care less.

But there is another angle to the effort which the crime bills of the current season represent. Many of them, it is true, are the futile gestures of panic-stricken reformers, striking out blindly at the criminal by increasing penalties and by seeking to restrict or even, in many cases, to abolish the salutary devices of probation and parole. But along with these there appear measures whereby the legal profession aims to give new efficiency to the administration of criminal justice. To the lawyer crime is a matter of justice, and justice is a matter of law and judicial procedure. He is justly proud of the law and jealous of its dignity. The administration of the criminal law does not deserve half the hard knocks it has been getting of late—it is by far the best part of our system of municipal administration—but it is bad enough, much too dilatory and technical, too easily manipulated by the unscrupulous criminal lawyer, too frequently degenerating into play-acting.

These things put the honest lawyer's teeth on edge. So he sets himself, through legislation, to stop the loopholes through which experienced criminals make their escape—too easy bail for professional crooks, interminable delays in bringing offenders to trial, unlimited appeals on technical grounds—and to restore to the judicial office some of the power which used to go with its dignity—more control over counsel and a greater share in the task of enlightening the jury. Such matters have been dealt with in the bills under consideration, and we can only hope that the new laws will be so administered as to accomplish the desired results. We may also hope that the new impulse to study the workings of the present system will be productive of more comprehensive and far-reaching improvements in the near future. The American genius for organization and management should, in the course of another generation, furnish us with an administration of criminal justice comparable with that which England has achieved in recent years. That will be a brave achievement, but let us not be deceived as to its aims or results. It does not deal with the problem of crime. That still remains the task of the student of delinquency.

Next Winter in the Theater

FROM the standpoint of the average theatergoer the New York stage is probably the most interesting in the world. It has developed no novelty as provocative as several of the experiments recently conducted in Russia; its interest is due largely to a group of producers who have formulated no very definite program; yet it caters to a dozen different audiences with considerable success. Each year it has its score of plays addressed to the comparatively small group interested in the serious drama and its hundreds addressed to every other sort and condition of man. The American who hears its supremacy challenged can at least take his usual refuge in an emphasis upon size. No other country in the world ever produced so many or such different plays, or produced them so lavishly.

If one may judge from the announcements so far made for the coming season, next winter will produce an even more abundant crop of plays than usual. Three or four theaters now under construction will open, and the names of more than a hundred new pieces have already been made public. There is no dearth of things which promise well for those interested in the serious drama: Shakespeare will be represented by "Much Ado About Nothing" (Theater Guild), "Twelfth Night" (Civic Repertory Theater), and a plain-clothes "Taming of the Shrew" (Horace Liveright), as well as by various revivals by both Hampden and Mantell. From Ibsen we are promised "Pillars of Society" and two of his plays seen here last year, all done by Miss Le Gallienne. From other foreign dramatists of some distinction we are to have works not yet seen here by Andreyev, Sem Benelli, Ansky, and Sacha Guitry, as well as an adaptation of Dryden's "All for Love" (Horace Liveright), and another Gilbert and Sullivan opera (Winthrop Ames). Five popular pieces of literature—"An American Tragedy" (Horace Liveright), "Jurgen" (Norman Bel Geddes), "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Edgar Selwyn), "Teeftallow"

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(Messrs. Shubert), "The Constant Nymph" (George Tyler), "Hatrack" (Jones and Green), and perhaps "The Private Life of Helen of Troy"—will be dramatized. Best of all, a number of the most interesting American dramatists will have one or more new pieces. Laurence Stallings will contribute the score of a jazz opera, "Deep River," which Arthur Hopkins will produce, and, perhaps, "When in Rome," a play not yet completed; Eugene O'Neill will have three new works, of which only "Marco's Millions" and "Lazarus Laughed" have yet been named; while Clare Kummer, George Kaufman, Marc Connelly, George Childs Carpenter, Arthur Richman, and Edwin Justus Mayer will all have new plays. Moreover, each of the non-commercial producing groups promises an interesting program. The Neighborhood Playhouse will offer a new expressionistic drama called "Pinwheel" and a revival of "The Little Clay Cart." The Actor's Theater will present, among other things, "Viva Mexico," by Michael Gold of the *New Masses*, and the Provincetown Playhouse promises "The Seven Against Thebes." As for the Theater Guild, it has refused so far to commit itself definitely, but it has suggested many interesting possibilities, including Werfel's "Juarez and Maximilian" and, if it is completed in time, a new play by Shaw to be called "Saint Theresa."

Theatrical announcements are notoriously unreliable, and some of the productions here listed may never be heard of again; but there will remain a sufficient number to make the heart of any theatergoing New Yorker thump.

Mexico vs. The Roman Church

MEXICO is in open war with the Roman Catholic church. It is a war which recalls Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* and the violent anti-clericalism of pre-war France. Virtually every country where an established church has been associated with a feudal state goes through such paroxysms—even far-off Mongolia in ridding itself of lama rule. Mexico has tried before to throw off the yoke of the church. Her constitution of 1857 was pronouncedly anti-clerical, the decrees of 1859 more so, that of 1917 most so of all. But the laws have gone unenforced. Calles's decree of July 3, which has inspired the virtual excommunication of Mexico by the Pope, is essentially in execution of the old laws. As summarized by the Foreign Policy Association, it provides:

1. No foreigner may exercise the religious profession in Mexico.
2. Education must be given in official schools and be secular. No religious corporation or minister of any creed may establish or direct schools of primary instruction.
3. Religious orders, convents, and monasteries will be dissolved.
4. Any minister who incites the public to refuse to acknowledge public institutions or to obey the laws will be severely punished.
5. No publication, either religious or merely showing marked tendencies in favor of religion, may comment on national political affairs.
6. No organization may be formed whose title has any word or any indication that it is connected with religious ideas.
7. Political meetings may not be held in churches.
8. All religious acts must be held within the walls of a church.
9. No religious order of any creed may possess or administer property or capital.
10. The churches are the property of the nation. Other ecclesiastical properties, such as bishops' palaces, houses, seminaries, asylums, colleges, convents, and all buildings constructed for religious purposes, pass into the possession of the nation, the use to which they are to be put to be determined by the Government.
11. Heavy penalties may be imposed upon ministerial or other authorities who fail to enforce the above provisions.

Pope Pius asks the Catholic world to unite on August 1, the festival of St. Peter-in-Chains, in prayer for the cessation of Mexican persecution of Catholics. The Pope apparently has also approved the extraordinary pastoral letter signed by the thirty-seven bishops of Mexico announcing suspension of all religious services requiring the participation of priests from July 31, the date on which the Calles edict takes effect, and enjoining the population to refuse to cooperate in its enforcement. A boycott of lay schools is enjoined; a sort of non-cooperation movement, refusing to attend "mundane amusements," is suggested; and excommunication of those interfering with the church is suggested.

Judge Alfred J. Talley of New York publicly demands that the American Government cease recognition of Mexico and "prevent" the denial of the rights of Catholics. With the protesting bishops *The Nation* has a measure of sympathy; with Judge Talley it has none. It is not the business of the Washington Government to tell Mexico what its laws should be; Judge Talley would be the first to resent any suggestion that foreigners should dictate our laws, and he ought to know better than to suggest that we dictate to others. If Mexico were as large and as strong as France in the days of her violent anti-clerical laws Judge Talley would not dare suggest such interference. What he wants us to do is to bully Mexico.

Yet, sympathizing with Mexico's determination to end church control, we must regret her methods. We can understand Mexico's opposition to a foreign priesthood virtually controlling her system of education and encouraging the ignorant masses to disobey her land laws, and her determination to nationalize vast properties of the church which are essentially a relic of a feudal past. But with the Mexican Government's attempt to suppress criticism of its own attitude we have no sympathy whatever. Clause 13 of the new decree, ruling that publications "either religious or merely showing marked tendencies in favor of religions and religious creeds through titles or propaganda, may not comment on national political affairs or inform readers of acts of the authorities of the country or on particulars related directly to the functioning of public institutions" is sheer tyranny. It is one thing to secularize the state; it is another thing to attempt to suppress discussion of the wisdom of secularization. We do not sympathize with the Catholic church in its attempt to retain its essentially medieval position in Mexico, but the Mexican Government must realize that its best friends abroad have been liberals. Liberals oppose bullying of one government by another; they also oppose bullying of one section of the population by any government.

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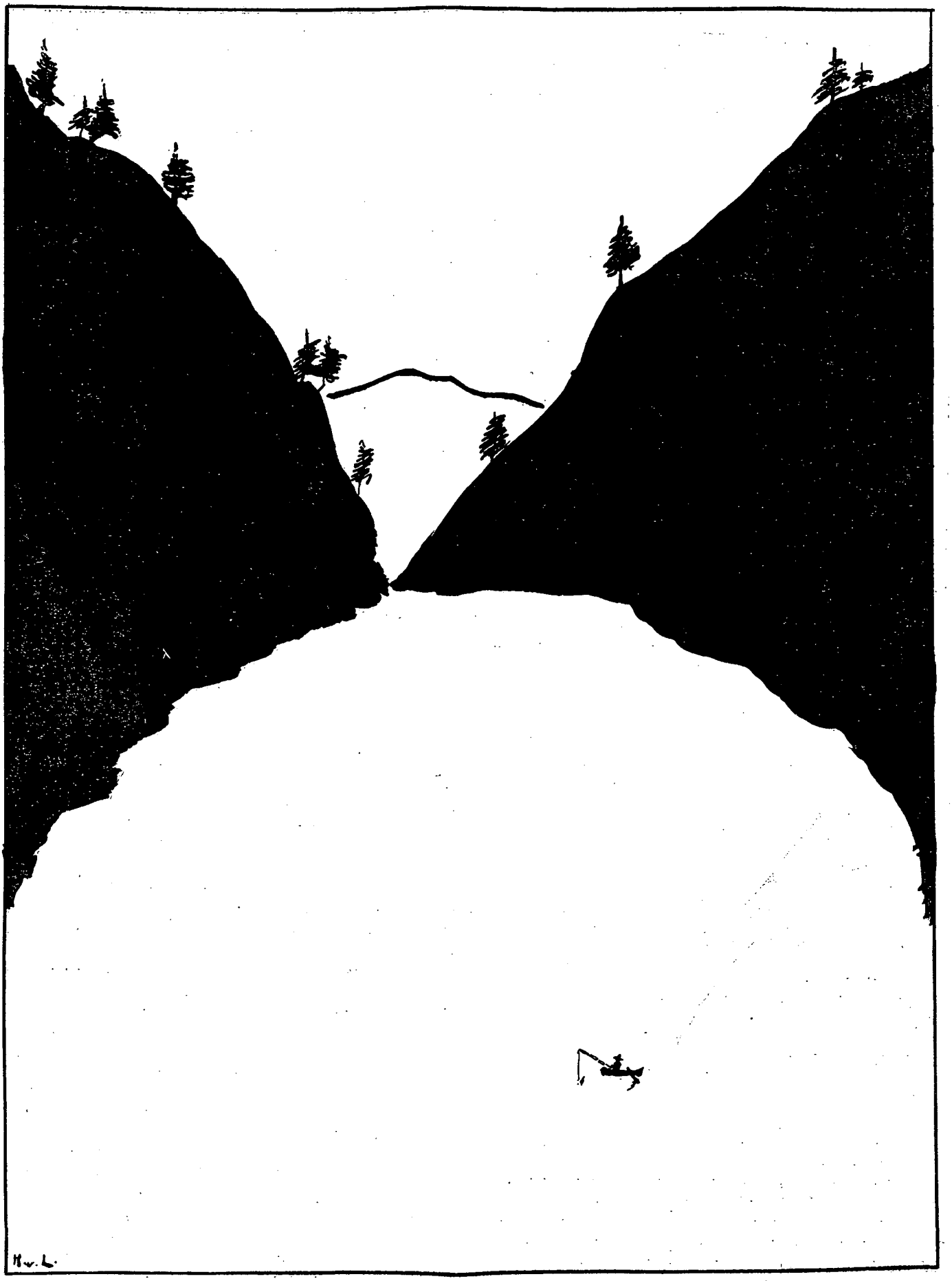

The Cal of the Wilds

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Price-Fixing for the Farmer

By HENRIK SHIPSTEAD

HOW can the farmer collect his board bill from a boarder who refuses to pay? How can he compel a better price for his product and so be assured of a fair return and a steady income? He has come to the conclusion that in order to accomplish this he must take a leaf out of the book of the railroads, the manufacturers, the big bankers, who each have their price-fixing bureaucracy established by law. The farmer, finding that it has worked well for industry, finance, and transportation, has come to Congress asking for the same treatment. There seems to be no objection to price-fixing except when it is for the benefit of the farmer.

When Congress passed the transportation act creating a government commission to fix railroad rates, that was a price-fixing law. When Congress gave the Federal Reserve Bank power to raise and lower the rediscount rate and so to a large extent to control the price of credit by control of the interest rates, that was a price-fixing program benefiting the large bankers of the country who compose the class A directors of the Federal Reserve System. The high-protective tariff is in itself a price-fixing law, because it gives the manufacturers of the country the opportunity to fix their prices higher than they could do without the protection of a tariff wall. Practically every State of the United States has enacted laws creating bureaus or commissions whose duty, usually made mandatory under the law, is to fix the prices of necessities, as, for instance, telephone service, telegraph service, gas and electric lights, and street-railway service. All of those corporations enjoy the blessings and protections of price-fixing laws enacted by the various States.

Not a court in the land but lays it down as a basic principle that business must enjoy for its goods or service a market price that will yield a fair return on the capital over and above production and operating costs, taxes, interest, rentals, and overhead. Anything less than a fair return the court regards as confiscation of property in violation of constitutional guaranties. "Fair return on capital investment and operating cost" is an American principle, fixed in our legislative and judicial system. An executive ruling or legislative act which authorizes or imposes less than a fair return on gas, electric light, steam or electric transportation, a bank loan, water-power rental, house rental, or a manufactured article is declared in violation of the Fifth and Fourteenth amendments to the Constitution protecting life, liberty, and property.

But the farmer is left out in the cold.

Some people are beginning to recognize that anything less than a fair return to our greatest industry is not only a national injustice but an invitation to economic downfall. Millers, packers, and the manufacturers of a thousand staple food and textile products can not prosper without a dependable supply of raw materials at a stabilized price from the 6,000,000 producing farms. When the farms fail because of the lack of a fair return on labor and invested capital, when 1,000,000 farmers and farm hands desert the farms in a single season, all food and textile-producing industries are placed in jeopardy. The first manufacturing industry of this country, the flour-milling industry, the source of the nation's bread, has been reduced, by uncertain farm conditions and by the spasmodic ups and downs of grain speculation and grain prices, to a condition where for five years it has run at less than 50 per cent, and much of the time at only 40 per cent of the normal milling capacity. The millers are going down with the farmers. They are sunken derelicts abandoned in the struggle against commercial forces in a country boasting the greatest home market on the globe.

We can all remember when the stocks of the leading grain-and-agricultural-products-carrying roads, such as the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Northwestern, the "Soo Line," and the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul were quoted on the stock exchange from $100 to $150 a share. Their securities were the soundest gilt-edged investments on the market. Today they are quoted at from $10 to $50 or $75 a share. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, which traverses one of the finest agricultural regions of the globe, has $230,000,000 of stock certificates quoted at $9 and $15 a share, and has not paid a dividend in six years. The rates of these roads have increased 75 per cent, and they stand at that figure now, higher than in their palmy days. But the tonnage of farm products carried by them dropped from 156,000,000 tons in 1918 and 155,000,000 in 1919 to 146,700,000 in 1923. The average for the four years 1920-1924 was 6,000,000 tons under 1919. Twenty-five years ago, in 1901, farm products gave the railroads a greater revenue tonnage than manufactures by 4,000,000 tons. During 1914, 1915, and 1916 farm products and manufactures gave them about the same volume of revenue tonnage as manufactures. In 1923, after the Fordney-McCumber tariff, manufactures gave the railroads a tonnage 110,000,000 greater than the products of the farms.

We know from reports secured from farms in every section of the United States in 1923, that a farm with $17,500 invested capital gets an average gross return from sales of only $2,240; that after deducting a cash outlay of $1,350 for expenses, the net earning is $750; that after payment of interest and sundry charges, the return to capital on this $17,500 farm is $415, or 2.3 per cent; that the net return to the farm operator is $154, and that if the family labor is paid for at hired-labor rates, there is a net loss of $71 a year on the year's operation (Agricultural Year-Book, 1924, pages 1131-1132.) We know that it cost in 1923 $21 an acre to raise wheat valued at $16.64, and $1.24 to raise a bushel worth 99 cents. We know that it cost 52 cents to raise a bushel of oats worth 49 cents; that a hoe or rake costing the farmer $1 has a declared export value for shipment abroad of 44 cents; that in 1924 the average farm income was $736, or half that of a railroad laborer; that in 1924-1925 over 1,000 banks failed in the agricultural States; that the value of farm property since 1920 has shrunk about one-third, or $25,000,000,000—rather more than the total of our national debt; and that the purchase power of the farm dollar, measured by the manufactured articles it buys, has shrunk about one-third since 1913 and is today fluctuating, like foreign exchange, some-

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where about 60 or 70 cents. So we face an emergency, and we must act.

I have at all times been opposed to government by commission, to centralization of power in Washington, to control of industry, and to special legislation giving special favors to industry and transportation. It is a bad policy, but it has become our established policy and we must do one of two things: We must either repeal *all* this special price-fixing legislation, or carry it out to its ultimate conclusion and give every industry the same treatment. When special privilege is extended to everyone it ceases to be privilege. I do not believe in bureaucracies; neither do I believe in prairie fires. But when the prairie fire of bureaucracy is sweeping down to destroy agricultural life, then in desperation I am willing to set a backfire by establishing another bureaucracy, and I look upon this kind of legislation as a backfire against the bureaucracy that is fast overwhelming us.

Glimpses of Arthur Gleason

By HELEN HAYES GLEASON

[*The death of Arthur Gleason on December 30, 1923, removed one who by his personality, his writing, and his direct cooperation was among the most honest and effective supporters of the liberal movement in his time. The excerpts which follow are from a manuscript by his wife, and are reproduced here not only as a picture of a one-time Associate Editor of* The Nation *but as glimpses of an extraordinarily vivid and idealistic character.*]

I

ALL manner and condition of folk found their way to us, all classes, all professions, all colors. All found him just as he was, without a trace of guile, honest even when it hurt, sympathetic, modest, a friend who never gave friendship lightly. In that respect he was like the English, many of whose characteristics he so much admired. To each he gave the same attention, always a touch of deference, a real humility that recognized underneath the worldly symbol the mystery of an unquenchable inner spark. He gave the same unfailing courtesy to the friend and colored helper that he gave his wife. He wrote:

> This home is dedicated to good-will. It grew out of love. The two heads of the household were called together by a power higher than they. To its decree they are obedient. Every tone of the voice, every thought of their being, is subdued to that service. They desire to be worthy of their high calling, as ministers of that grace. They know their peace will go unbroken only for a little time. And often they suspect that the time will be more short even than their anxious hope. They cannot permit so much as one hour of that brief unity to be touched by scorn or malice. The world's judgments have lost their sting inside this door. Those who come seeking to continue the harmony which these two have won are ever welcome. The rich are welcome, so they come simply. The poor are welcome, for they have already learned friendliness through buffeting. Youth is welcome, for it brings the joy which these two would learn. Age is welcome, for it will teach them tenderness.

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Animals had personalities and were treated with dignity. Among canines there were distinct branches; there were "rovers" and "barkers" and "twinklers" and "lions" and "milk dogs." A certain kind of feline was known as a "wuss." Our own tiger cat, named Lamb Chop, was spoken of as "The Chop." And a mere wisp of a rusty Persian kitten, picked up on the streets of Brighton, England, at once assumed the proportions of a Cinnamon Bear and was called "The Bear." He could not resist the sound of a rapidly moving pencil across paper. Times without number I have seen him leave a comfortable place, jump to the large table where my husband was writing, and curl up deliberately on the offending manuscript. With great gentleness my husband would pull out the sheet from under the little beast, move over slightly, continue to write. Very shortly the Bear would follow, again settling in a ball on the unfinished sentence. I have seen them work around the whole table that way, the Bear quite sure he was loved and wanted, the man expressing only gentleness, speaking no word.

Three children attached themselves to us in Maine. They came for one swim a day at least, spending many hours putting us through stunts like "spanking the baby" from a boulder that hung over the water. For their amusement one day A. G. lit and smoked two cigars at the same time. But one "Scout" had seen a man light and smoke ten cigars at once, so that was no good. He never went to the village without buying some little treat for the children. And for each one, before we left, he planned and carried through a picnic party; that was so the youngest would feel as important and as much desired as the oldest. At all possible opportunities he found children and won their friendship. With them he discussed their interests and problems as seriously, with the same sense of equality, as he would discuss the production of coal with a miner or the joys of Saintsbury's "Prose Rhythm" with an English professor.

As he made staunch friendships with these little folk whom he understood, sharing their naivete and frankness, he made equally staunch enemies because of this same frankness and honesty. As he met the challenges of his young friends, to "spank the baby" from a boulder or to flip or try to flip off backward from a float, without fear or hesitation, just so he met the challenges of life from friend or enemy. No consideration of salary or public opinion for a moment made him equivocate. When a job slid into ease or methods developed which were not acceptable to that "fine and accurate conscience," as twice happened in war-service, for instance, he would resign, returning the money received under the new order.

* * * * *

From 1914 to 1922 he saved a total of $1,000. At the time he wished to invest it France seemed to be needing all her friends, so he put his thousand in her, though it was suggested that another security might be wiser. France looked shaky, but he believed in her power to recover; he believed still more in her finer spiritual powers and had to express it. During the first high-pressure days of the war

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when people were frantically drawing out their gold I remember him making a deposit in an English bank. He had to do these things. Hysteria could not touch him. Instinctively he drew away from the crowd to do his own thinking. His mind sought balance, his spirit freedom and honesty. Some time after he was torpedoed (January, 1918) the State Department (U. S.) asked for an affidavit concerning his claim against the German Government for losses incurred. The loss had been real; all the clothes and luggage he had in the world went down and a complete typewritten manuscript of a book on the American army—it counted up into the pounds sterling. He thought it over carefully and decided not to enter a claim against the German Government. The old regime had fallen, a new and better mold was struggling to birth; it needed help, not further crushing. In the long future, payment would come out of women and children. They must suffer the cost of the war and he could not add a shadow of weight to their burdens.

* * * * *

The deepest desire of his nature was to be free. Each change in his life was animated by that impulse for freedom. When groups closed in about him he instinctively worked his way to the outside of the circle. He chafed under committee meetings and councils of war and organizations. He disliked his name on letterheads, he shrank from holding office.

Though long years ago he identified himself with the Socialist Party and often voted a straight Socialist ticket, not because he subscribed fully to their plans but more nearly to their main principle than to another party, he never took an active interest in any of their locals so far as I know. His sympathies were with suffering humanity, the weak, the aged, the homely and obscure. Whenever it was possible to serve these he did so by gift of money or time; generally he could ill afford to do it. He felt "a certain grief in things as they are, in man as he has come to be, as he certainly is, over and above those griefs of circumstance which are in a measure removable—an inexplicable shortcoming, or misadventure, on the part of nature itself—." I was appalled to find the burdens he was carrying when we started out together. A gifted boy was being helped through college; another with doctor's bills; another with an education; another suffering with tuberculosis was lifted for the last few weeks, at least, into comfort and beauty, "no expense to be spared."

But to be tied in with clubs or organizations was to be caught. To give the best in himself he had to give it in his own way. He could bore into a subject, master it by sheer will and brain, identify himself with it and get the point of view. He could do something with both sides of a question, swinging pendulum fashion to each extreme, finally striking a balance with well-weighted and keen judgments. Artist type that he was, he wished rather to dip here and there, like a bird in flight, tasting this and that flavor, feeling the vibration of life with his uncanny sensitiveness, then retire for quiet reflection and absorption and writing.

His was not the gift nor inner expression to speak at labor or educational conventions, though he believed deeply in such efforts and greatly honored those whose lives were given to them. But in endeavoring to give an honest picture of my husband I want more than anything to present the side of him that made all these worthy, social-work expressions possible; the side I believed in most, the part of him that pushed through as truly as the tiny pulse of cold spring water finds its way to the surface in spite of heavy black rotting leaves, the impulse to write, to follow the path of freedom, to live with beauty—the beauty of simplicity, of truth, of suffering. It was a fight to give the artist and writer a chance, believing he could best serve causes through that medium, if only let alone. In "Marius, the Epicurean," this paragraph is underlined with his characteristic heavy black pencil mark: "How little I myself really need, when people leave me alone, with the intellectual powers at work serenely."

* * * * *

Most of the so-called conventions of life had very little meaning to him, like living "correctly" and anniversaries; family gatherings, especially, made him suffer. Sunday was a day to be dropped from the calendar, if possible. A good speaker with an idea might hold him, but he preferred a lazy morning indoors, or out, picking up lunch when and wherever, a show in the afternoon, and open-house supper at home. He chose Sunday to be free from the week's turmoil. He chose Sunday to be free forever. That day has become a symbol of freedom, tragic and vivid.

Early in life he had learned the lesson of concentration and so could apply himself to a grilling task for long hours, smoking a pipe continuously. He used pencils, like matches, one after another as they snapped off under the speed of his mind at work. It took ten or fifteen, freshly sharpened, to get him through a morning's writing, and that was his habit of mind and method when doing creative work, too, always with fierce intensity. But the artist balked at regularity; the singer went sad and silent under compulsion. Waywardness and whimsicality walked side by side with the trained mind. When we were first married he told me how much he longed to be free from all family connections. Since a small boy he had carried a sense of responsibility. It shocked me then. I came to see that this thing in him was the most priceless gift he had. It led him always after the gleam. Only when he failed to answer this impulse was he thwarted. It is possible to cage a wild bird, not his song; some there are whose passion it is to take pictures, focusing carefully on the passing cavalcade, but they lose the flow of motion while they fiddle with mechanism. To capture his free spirit was to tether the rainbow. It curved toward the light, full of charm and color, did its work, vanished, returned, mounting ever eagerly and fearlessly.

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I can see him now, the late afternoon of 5th October, 1912, the day we were married; the formality was uninteresting enough and as brief as possible, but on that day, a Saturday when we had just returned from the usual vaudeville, arrived Saintsbury's "Prose Rhythm." A few minutes before my uncle came to read the service, the lover of freedom sat where he had dropped, with the book still in his hands, absorbed. Dress changed and hands washed, I stopped at his door to see if he was ready. And he was—ready to share the mystery of beauty, to share everything that delighted him. We read it together till the door bell scattered rhythm and I took my Uncle Toby one side, again to beg him to make it brief.

* * * * *

As 1914 dawned the urge for a real change came upon him. The long winter bound to connections with an office—

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like a mirror, he was, to pick up the fret of human suffering—and the sense of being caught-in were more than the artist could endure. For two years he had been struggling to break from a "regular job." In January, 1912, he wrote:

> If I can make it go in a small way (free lancing), I shall be pleased indeed at escaping the thraldom and the sadness of office routine and the overworked obscure persons who work in bondage, and for whom one sees no way out. . . . The Mounted Police, like the Texas Rangers, have long beckoned to me. Meanwhile I cling to New York with a senile clutch. It was ill luck to miss you. I would have come far to get your story while it was still young on your lips. I hope you will never settle, that you will always wander and catch the fleeting magic of things in your two beautiful arts of picture-making and word-painting.

Then a regular job through the later part of 1912, with this reaction: "On July 3 I am returning to the free-lance game. I have an assignment of two editorials a week from *Collier's*. I breathe freely again."

[*To be continued*]

America Should Cancel the War Debts

By PHILIP SNOWDEN

THERE is one important aspect of the inter-Allied debts question which has received very little attention. The controversy between the interested governments has centered mainly round the capacity of the respective debtor nations to pay.

When the United States insisted upon the funding of the British debt it became incumbent upon Great Britain to try to collect the debts owing to her by her Continental debtors. But this insistence by Great Britain upon receiving from the Continent in debt payments and reparations a total sum equal to, but not exceeding, the sum we have to pay to America has not altered the view of Great Britain that the best policy would have been an all-round cancelation of inter-Allied debts.

The attitude of the United States to the debts question, both at the Paris Conference and subsequently, has made that wise policy impossible for the present. But both economic and moral considerations must eventually force the adoption of that course.

American opinion is by no means unanimous about the wisdom of compelling her European debtors to repay the loans advanced during the war, for what was admittedly a common enterprise. But, for the time being, political considerations prevent that opinion from expressing itself very vocally.

One excuse offered by America for insisting upon the funding of the European debts is that the Continental countries have made no real effort to reestablish their economic and financial prosperity, and that any help America might give in the form of remitting payments would simply provide more money to be spent upon provocative armaments and preparations for another war. This American view of European unsettlement was recently bluntly expressed by Mr. Houghton, the American Ambassador in London, and there can be no doubt that it is an opinion widely held in the United States, and is in a large measure responsible for the determination of that great country to hold aloof, as far as possible, from participation in European affairs until the Continental countries show more willingness to settle down to peaceful lives.

To the extent that that view of Europe is responsible for the unwilligness of America to join in the cancelation of the war debts, Great Britain's heavy annual payments to America are part of the burden she is bearing for the policy of militarism, imperialism, and political intrigues of her former Continental allies. If America's debtors desire to prove that America is wrong in holding this view, and if they wish to take away from her that excuse for not agreeing to the cancelation of the war debts, they can do so by changing their policies, reducing their armaments, and entering whole-heartedly into a united effort to make the spirit of Locarno dominate European affairs.

But even if the unsettled condition of Europe were the real reason for America's attitude to the question of war debts, it is doubtful if it is a wise course for her to follow. She came into the war at a late period because she realized it was to her interest to do so. She took a very influential part in imposing the peace treaties upon the enemy, and then washed her hands of the whole business, and left a decimated Europe to struggle with the impossibilities and injustices of those treaties. Since that time her main interest in Europe has been to collect debts from her war allies, whom she helped to impoverish by assenting to the violation of the peace conditions previously laid down by President Wilson.

America cannot permanently maintain an attitude of detachment from the rest of the world with advantage to herself. She is the most nearly self-contained country in the world. She is rich and powerful. But more and more she will become dependent upon world conditions for the maintenance of her prosperity.

It is not a wise policy for the United States to keep the other countries of the world poor. It is not to her real interest to drain the wealth of Europe. Apart from her claim that "destiny has made her the guardian of world economic and social progress" it is to her material interest that she should help, out of her great abundance, to make the rest of the world strong and prosperous.

America should never forget that she owes everything to Europe. Europe has given to her her language, her literature, her science, and her population. Although she entered the war "seeking no material gain, no territory, and no indemnities," she has, by her funding arrangements with her late war allies, managed to impose upon them undertakings to pay her an annual sum, which at the maximum will amount to about £80,000,000 a year!

Great Britain's share of this tribute to America will impose, for the next sixty years, if the agreement is maintained, an intolerable burden on the British workers. It will require 76,000,000 days of labor each year by British workmen, for the next sixty years, to produce the means to pay America. Great Britain, a poor country by comparison with America, has set an example which the United States might follow with credit to herself. Great Britain has undertaken to shoulder the £2,000,000,000 of

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debt due from her late allies, if America will forego her claims upon Britain of half that amount.

America's capacity to cancel is enormously greater. Her national income is expanding at the rate of £2,000,000,000 a year, equal to half the total national income of Great Britain. She will pay off her internal war debt in twenty-five years. America has a great opportunity to be magnanimous: and magnanimity will be twice blessed—it will bless her and the world at large.

England, at great risk to herself, has reestablished the gold standard. It is important for America that this should be stabilized and that other countries should get back to it. The cancelation of the European debts to America would materially assist that end. It would save America from the otherwise inevitable inflation. If America insists upon the payment by Europe of £80,000,000 a year on account of these debts, there is bound to be such a disturbance of her economic life as will cost her far more than she receives from this source.

The best side of the American nation cannot feel comfortable in the thought that the tribute she is levying upon her late allies is keeping the workers in those countries for the next sixty years on short rations. It would be more in harmony with the altruistic sentiment which swept over the American continent ten years ago for her now to say that, out of her great abundance, she will make this further contribution to the restoration of the economic prosperity of the world.

A Woman Without a Country

By MARY K. DAS

I AM an American-born woman. My ancestors came from England to America in the year 1700. By the existing double standard of the American Government, I am not only rendered alien, but a stateless alien. My husband, a Hindu, was a naturalized American citizen when I married him. He had secured his certificate of naturalization from a United States District Court in 1914, having previously resided in the United States for eight years. The United States State Department three times gave him passports with which he traveled all over the world. He still holds his American naturalization certificate, but today he is told by the State Department that he was never an American citizen, because "the judges, who during the last quarter of a century or more naturalized Hindus to American citizenship, by due process of law, did not know the meaning of the United States naturalization laws, and so these judges from all parts of the United States acted *illegally*." This interpretation is based upon a recent decision rendered by a United States Supreme Court judge who is himself a naturalized citizen, who held that "high-caste Hindus are not white persons according to the commonly accepted meaning of the term, and thus are ineligible to American citizenship." Before we were married my husband went to several lawyers and asked if I stood the least chance of losing my citizenship in marrying him. These legal experts, one a former adviser to the State Department, told him that this could never happen, because the United States could not and would never apply a Supreme Court decision retroactively.

Last year when I asked the State Department for a passport to go to Europe my request was refused on the ground that I was "no longer an American citizen, having lost my American citizenship by [my] marriage with an alien ineligible to citizenship." This I disclaimed, and still disclaim, for at the time of my marriage and up to the present day my husband is in possession of his naturalization papers. But by fiat of the State Department my husband and I are stateless.

The amazing stand taken by the United States authorities is "that Hindus who are deprived of their American citizenship revert to their former British status." Is this stand due to total ignorance of the British law? The British law says that any British subject who renounces British nationality willingly, by naturalization into any other country, cannot revert to British citizenship automatically, in case the said subject wishes to do so; but must be naturalized according to British law, after living at least five years in some British territory. Now, it is apparent that without a passport an alien cannot enter British territory for the purpose of taking up residence; and there is no record of British authorities offering safe conduct to an Indian who has become an American citizen and then been deprived of American citizenship, to go to British territory, under promise of renaturalization in the course of time. Requests to the British Government to enter British territory, made by Indians who have lost their American citizenship, have either been refused or no notice has been taken of them. So when the American Government arbitrarily takes from us (American women and Hindus naturalized as American citizens) our American citizenship and protection, violating the scraps of paper given us in the form of naturalization certificates, it takes from us our safety and our standing in any community no matter where we may take refuge.

According to the Cable Act, an American woman marrying an alien ineligible to citizenship loses her American citizenship. An American man may marry a Japanese, Chinese, Hindu—any woman he pleases. To do so does not lose him his citizenship. But an American woman is penalized when she exercises this right granted the American man. She may marry a Negro from Africa and not lose her American citizenship, but if she marries a Hindu, Chinese, or Japanese, however high his reputation as a scholar, she loses her American citizenship. I feel that an American woman should not be penalized for marrying the person she loves. Marriage is not a matter of convenience; it has a spiritual bearing and none has the right to dictate the inner life of an individual.

The National Woman's Party has sought to remedy the situation by amending the Cable Act, but the House Immigration Committee refused to report out the bill. Some Representatives and Senators, members of the Immigration Committees of the two houses of Congress, hold that the ideal of Americanism should keep any American woman from marrying any foreigner, particularly an Asiatic. One Senator said that he would do all he could to defeat any amendment to the Cable Act which would give the right of American citizenship to any American woman marrying any foreigner. The American patriots who think that such provincialism is Americanism would do well to remember what Theodore Roosevelt said on an allied topic:

> Our nation fronts on the Pacific, just as it fronts on the Atlantic. We hope to play a constantly growing part in the great ocean of the Orient. We wish, as we ought to wish, for a great commercial development in our dealings

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with Asia; and it is out of the question that we should permanently have such development unless we freely and gladly extend to other nations the same measure of justice and good treatment as we expect to receive in return. . . . I ask fair treatment for the Japanese, as I would ask fair treatment for Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Russians, or Italians.

I am not pleading today for the right of Asiatics to become American citizens. But I hold that the attitude of the United States Government toward Hindus who were naturalized before the adverse Supreme Court decision is worse than the alleged attitude of Soviet Russia or the Mexican Government, against which the United States State Department so bitterly complains, in enacting retroactive laws depriving Americans of their vested rights. The State Department, declaring that Hindus who were naturalized by United States judges according to due process of law, to whom naturalization certificates were given upon the authority of the United States Government, are no longer American citizens, is violating a solemn contract. Has the American Government fallen to such a state of degradation that to it the civil rights of its citizens have less value than property rights?

In the Driftway

THE noon sun was hot on the Corne d'Or, but the Drifter had ordered the awning taken off his caique, and it was his own fault if he sweltered among the embroidered cushions. His boatman must be even hotter, bending over the flask-handled, fork-bladed oars, but he still beamed on the Drifter and talked Turkish to him. They passed the fleet of fishing boats, anchored close together with their masts crowded like pins on a cushion. From the right bank came the notes of a song that sounded suspiciously like "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam"; in front of a large cross-topped building a column of girls was parading melodiously. The Drifter reflected that tolerance can be overdone. Yet the forest of minarets on the Stamboul side was still intact after generations of missionary songs. Perhaps tolerance is good strategy after all.

* * * * *

"LANGUAGE first originated in the use of gestures by primitive man; it is now used by children and idiots and in foreign countries, as in ordering a meal in Paris." The Drifter remembered his favorite definition, the effect of three months' study of psychology on the brain of a college student, as he sought to explain to his boatman that he would like to go ashore and eat lunch. He pointed to his mouth, he pointed to the shore, he talked English with a questioning inflection. He has a theory that any two humans, given time, can evolve a common language. Once he heard a fellow-American, abandoning words in despair, do complicated business with an Italian chauffeur by nothing but a series of eloquent grunts. This time too the boatman understood. He selected a little cafe with a balcony over the water and put the Drifter ashore.

* * * * *

COFFEE has the same name in all languages, and it is the national drink of Turkey. But the Drifter was hungry. In vain he asked for food in all the languages in which he is able to ask for food; in vain he appealed to the narghile-smokers industriously puffing at their long tubes, while a yard or so away their fire burned and their caldron bubbled. Better to interrupt a man at his prayers, his bath, his love-making than at his narghile. The Drifter tested his theory thoroughly and gestured like a very primitive man indeed. The more he pointed to his mouth the more coffee he was given. Nothing seemed farther from the Turkish mind at half past twelve o'clock than food. But Constantinople is an international city and the streets are full of amateur interpreters. Before long the proprietor led a boy to the Drifter's table. "Y a-t-il de quoi manger?" asked the Drifter hopefully. The boy shook his head. "Etwas zu essen?" No better. It was the boy's turn. "Russky?" he suggested. The Drifter pondered and at last found three words: "Ya chochu yest—I want to eat!" The boy smiled and explained. The proprietor was surprised but equal to the occasion. He led the Drifter, with many a bow, to the kitchen of his house next door, and let him select the materials for his own salad. If the Drifter had insisted he might even have mixed it.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Officially Pure

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It will interest *Nation* readers to know that the librarian of the Congressional Library is doing his or her part for the cause of purity. Havelock Ellis's "Studies in the Psychology of Sex" cannot be taken out of the library. "Books of that kind aren't circulated indiscriminately," the lady at the desk, age 25, told me.

Washington, D. C., July 14 JOHN T. MOUTOUX

Saving Germany for Chewing Gum

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest development in the Americanization of Europe prompts me to make the following remarks: America "saved" Germany for democracy. Then you sent General Dawes and Mr. Young to save German industry from bankruptcy and the German workingman from a fair wage. Your latest missionary is Mr. Wrigley. He is out to save German teeth and German digestion. And German newspapers, street cars, subways, back fences, and store windows are full of the well-known "Spearmint" signs. Verily, the Americanization of Europe proceeds apace. With the help of a few more Dawes plans for other countries and a few more shiploads of chewing gum, you will soon have Europe safely in your vest pocket.

Berlin, Germany, July 5 LIESBETH WENDER

Oliver Cromwell on Prohibition

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While we are having the truth about Puritanism and prohibition of alcoholic beverages, is it not to the point to rake out these sentences from one of Oliver Cromwell's letters?

> Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise policy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon the supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge.

The curious, and the dubious, will find this passage in the letter written by Cromwell to the Governor of Edinburgh on September 12, 1650.

Berkeley, California, July 14 B. H. LEHMAN

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Books

For a Thief Lynched

By JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER

They shot you as they shoot a wolf near a pen,
Fearing for their feathery food; and called it justice
Because it was they who shot you, not you who shot them;
And they hoisted the empty body on a hickory tree, to rot,
For a warning that henceforth the chickens were theirs.
But yours became the ravens and the crows, the larks and
the thrushes,
And over you trickled mother-of-pearl rain from emerald
leaves
And tumid cicada found solitude for songs in your hair!

Fra Elbertus

Elbert Hubbard of East Aurora. By Felix Shay. Wm. H. Wise Company. $3.50.

THE career of Elbert Hubbard would furnish a not unsuitable subject for scholarly investigation and no Kulturgeschichte of modern America can be complete without him. He, apparently, first made articulate the doctrine of "service" and first defended the "art" of advertising. He is the spiritual father of all the copy which begins with an anecdote about Socrates and ends with the adjuration to insist upon the only genuine article in soapless shaving cream. He, in a word, taught the merchant swank; and it would be interesting to have traced with scientific exactitude his influence in molding the whole esoteric philosophy of business.

The present volume, written by an associate and disciple, undertakes no such task. It is weak in specific facts or figures and its chronology is far from definite; but from the chatty, journalistic pages there emerges a picture of the man who stumbled upon a set of ideas more apt than he knew for the needs of the moment and was himself molded by the forces which he let loose.

At the age of thirty-five Hubbard, having accumulated a moderate fortune in the soap business, set out in search of an education. Disappointed in Harvard he went to England, where he met with William Morris, whose sumptuous editions appealed immediately to his superficial aesthetic sense. Returning to America a cross between the English aesthete and the homely philosopher, he founded his magazine, the *Philistine*, and it had an immediate success. To thousands of half-educated people it became a concrete symbol of the mysterious realm of art and intellect. Its strange paper and bold typography gave it the requisite touch of the esoteric, and it could lie upon the library table as a tangible evidence that its possessor was not indifferent to culture. Moreover it could, unlike the standard sets which most of its subscribers had previously bought, actually be read, for Hubbard shared the limitations of those for whom he wrote sufficiently to know what they could stand. He had a genius for selecting or rephrasing aphoristic sentences from the works of the great and he was a master of that semi-literary jauntiness so vastly impressive to the unlettered. Moreover, for all his oddness, he was fundamentally safe. Art, rightly understood, was not a seductive siren but merely an ornament to the useful life, and philosophy, properly interpreted, enforced the practical virtues. He might quote the tramp Whitman or the anarchist Thoreau, but he encouraged no one to follow them into idleness or discontent. "Get Out or Get in Line" was the title of one of his booklets, and this dominant sentiment was far more congenial to the spirit of America than any of the others which he had to retail.

When finally his fame was sufficient to enable him to found the famous shops at East Aurora he based the appeal of the new institution upon the same foundations which had been so successful in the magazine. Here once more was art made tangible in sumptuous books or in bits of bric-a-brac which could be carried away and placed upon the mantelpiece, but no one was seduced away from practical affairs. Instead, the famous brotherhood was surrounded with something of the hocus-pocus of the secret lodge, and the pilgrims were invited to come for a few days, be baptized in the new faith, and to go away, not outwardly changed, but flooded with a new grace.

An excellent showman, Hubbard knew the importance of playing the part. His long hair and his flowing tie made him look the prophet as his disciples imagined the prophet ought to look, but here again he frightened nobody because he did not suggest that anyone else should do likewise. Even among the members of his permanent staff he was the only eccentric and it was his function to fulfil vicariously all the unconventional aspirations of his disciples. After a week in his presence they could return to their homes and their businesses in the comfortable assurance that the service of art was being carried forward and that they need do no more than send in their subscriptions. His cult had the perennial charm of all the salvation religions which stress the importance of faith and do not insist too much upon works.

In the beginning there does not appear to have been anything to give either unity or direction to the odd melange of ideas and enthusiasms which he drew from a wide variety of sources. He was nothing if not receptive, so that if he praised Ibsen he spoke in even higher terms of Walt Mason, and it is doubtful if he had ever himself attempted to unify the scraps of attitudes which he had adopted from the most diverse thinkers, real and near. But the spirit of the age gave him the direction which he could not find for himself. In the number of the *Philistine* for March, 1899, there appeared unobtrusively the article called A Message to Garcia in the course of which occurs the sentence "It is not book learning young men need, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies, do the thing—'Carry a message to Garcia.'" A few days later an official of the New York Central Railroad asked for 100,000 reprints and since that time millions of copies have been issued. Business recognized in Hubbard the man who could give the necessary air of learning, suavity, and polish to its propaganda, and he accepted the task. The disciple of Thoreau and Morris, the long-haired admirer of deckled edges and hammered brass, became the Voice of American Business. In the mood of the old Hubbard he had—apparently—invented the saying about the mousetrap and attributed it to Emerson, but it was the new spirit which led him to remark apropos of the controversy which arose over the question of authorship: "That mousetrap guff isn't true anyway. The world will never make a path to your door unless you advertise."

Though Hubbard was doubtless always a little vague as to his aims, he had originally been interested in excellence not puffery. But when he discovered that culture, after its immemorial way, refused to hum he turned to something which would. The influence of that side of him which was interested in literature has dwindled until nothing remains except his note-books, which are now being sold as a royal road to culture for those who cannot endure even the fifteen minutes a day which Dr. Eliot recommends, but in thousands of little booklets setting forth "The Romance of the Silk Trade" or "A Message from the President to his Fellow Workers" his spirit goes marching on. If he did not succeed in making business artistic he at least made it arty.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Our American Empire

American Foreign Investments. By Robert W. Dunn. The Viking Press. $5.

Dollar Diplomacy. By Scott Nearing and Joseph Freeman. B. W. Huebsch and the Viking Press. $2.50.

THESE two books furnish an excellent basis for an understanding of the precise nature of our foreign investments and of their effect upon our foreign policy. Mr. Dunn's volume, primarily designed for the research student, is a compendium of information about the quantity and nature of our investments abroad, while that by Nearing and Freeman concerns itself in the main with the political consequences which have flowed from this export of capital.

In 1914 European investments in the United States amounted to over two billions more than our holdings abroad. By the end of 1924, however, the overseas investments in the United States had been almost wiped out, while the volume of capital which American nationals held in foreign countries was nine billions, and at present it is probably nearly eleven billions. Approximately a quarter of the total is invested in Canada and an equal proportion in Europe, while 40 per cent is in Latin America. To these sums should be added the twelve billion dollars of foreign obligations which are held by our government. The change is revolutionary.

The chief value of Mr. Dunn's book is, however, not so much in the compilation of these general statistics, which is already adequately done by the Department of Commerce, but in the admirably detailed listing of the various American investments in virtually every country. This furnishes an invaluable checklist by which American investments can in the future be identified. The volume is still further enhanced by the publication of many of the contracts providing for loans to and concessions in Caribbean countries.

Nearing and Freeman's companion study of the influence which these investments have exercised upon our foreign policy is the most thoroughly documented general analysis that has as yet been published. While admitting that our investments in Canada have not led to any attempts to extend our political control there, they interpret our policy in China, the Near East, and Latin America as dominated by the desire to protect our business interests and to enhance their profits. John Hay's declaration of the open-door policy in China is thus shown essentially to have been an attempt to prevent the foreign nations from barring out American traders from their respective spheres of influence. The later backing by our Government of the various attempts of Harriman, Kuhn-Loeb, and others to secure an interest in or control over the Manchurian railways is fully described, as is also the varied history of the Consortium, with its final negotiation in 1920 of an agreement similar to that which Wilson had refused to approve seven years before. The American demand for an open-door policy in the Near East similarly is shown to have been at least in part actuated by the desire to secure openings in Mesopotamia for the Chester, Standard Oil, and Sinclair interests. Evidence is marshaled to indicate that the fundamental reason why we opposed Huerta and supported Carranza was because the former was granting concessions to the English oil interests headed by Lord Cowdray, while the latter had agreed to support the claims of the American concessionnaires.

Perhaps the most interesting chapter of all discusses the American occupation of Haiti in 1915, of Santo Domingo in 1916, and of our maintenance of marines in Nicaragua from 1912 to 1925. The occupation of the first two countries was clearly a violation of international law and furnished a startling contradiction to the principle of the autonomy of the Pan-American nations which Woodrow Wilson was then so vigorously proclaiming.

Taken as a whole, the book is as accurate in its statement of facts as such a study, based as it is on published documents, can be. It errs in some places by overstressing the economic motive, while in others it does not sufficiently emphasize the real economic forces. Thus, Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta was undoubtedly largely based on his abhorrence of the latter's murder of Madero. That Wilson was not the tool of the American oil interests is known by all those who were close to him and who were aware of the determined resistance which he offered to the repeated attempts to stampede him into a military occupation of Mexico. Our imperialism in the Caribbean has moreover been compounded of many elements. A naive belief in national expansion, a desire to protect the approaches to the Panama Canal, and an acceptance of the doctrine that we must police countries where changes of government are made by bullets rather than by ballots, have all contributed their part to lead us on.

On the other hand, there is far more to the story of the Hawaiian revolution than the authors tell, while the profits which the French Panama Canal Company, and those American banking interests which had probably bought shares in it, made from the Panama revolution and from the taking over of the soon-to-expire concession are, in a similar fashion, not mentioned. The extraordinary story of the National Railway of Haiti is barely touched upon, while the reasons for the change of front on the part of Senators Lodge and Fall in 1921 when they secured the ratification of the Colombian treaty are not described, although published in the *Congressional Record.*

Such books as these inevitably lead one to wonder what should be done with a country that refuses to meet its foreign obligations. Intervention by the creditor country itself is clearly unjust. Either no intervention at all should be permitted or temporary control over the country's finances should be assumed by some such international body as the League of Nations or a genuine Pan-American association. Only in such a way as this can the otherwise inevitable abuses be prevented, but to accomplish this we must abandon our present interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine whereby we virtually declare that the will of the United States is to be the law of the Western Hemisphere.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Romantic Spain

The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New. Volume III: *The Emperor.* By Roger Bigelow Merriman. The Macmillan Company. $5.50.

Spain: A Short History of Its Politics, Literature, and Art from Earliest Times to the Present. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Little, Brown and Company. $3.50.

THESE attractive volumes show that the American interest in Spanish history and literature which blossomed in the days of Prescott and Ticknor has not died. The books under review are of decidedly different types: one is a detailed survey of an era which is important in both European and American history; the other is an impressionistic account suitable for beginners in the study of Spanish civilization.

Mr. Sedgwick's book is neither a chronological sketch of political events nor a well-proportioned summary of Spanish economic and social history. It is rather a series of more or less charming essays on select topics, with special attention to history, literature, and art. It is more reliable and useful for the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance than for either the Moslem or the Modern period. The author has drunk inspiration from a varied number of sources, and, with the possible exception of Ballestero's "Historia de España," has consulted the standard secondary treatises on Spanish history and literature. Inquisitive scholars will encounter in the appendix a tantalizing list of authorities for statements made in the text. Those portions of the book concerning the Catholic Sovereigns Charles V and Philip II are useful and suggestive. As the historical narrative proceeds, the interspersed chapters on painting and sculpture furnish agreeable digressions. In the chap-

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ters concerning the influence of French and Italians on Spanish architecture students of the fine arts may occasionally discover a fresh interpretation. Neophytes in Spanish literature will find useful chapters on Cervantes and Lope de Vega. But those who would quickly obtain a bird's-eye view of Spanish history will still read Chapman, and those who would consult an authoritative account of Spanish literature will still consult Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

Mr. Merriman's contribution to the literature of a most important epoch of Spanish history is the third of a series of four volumes which he planned some sixteen years ago. Of this ambitious series the two volumes which appeared in 1918 were appropriately dedicated to William Hickling Prescott. Although the volume on "The Emperor" is in part based on secondary accounts, the work has been done with such thoroughness that Hispanic scholars will read the bibliographical notes and many of the footnotes with interest. To the reviewer the absence of a systematic bibliography is a cause for regret.

Perhaps an occasional reader will vainly look for a glimpse of those mountain peaks which are supposed to adorn the history as well as the landscape of the Iberian Peninsula. The volume here reviewed, which covers the period 1516-1556, is composed of two books, Spain in the Old World and Spain in the New World. In the first we are given the personality of Charles, his policies in the Iberian Peninsula, his foreign policy, diplomacy, and wars, and his withdrawal from the political stage. For a fuller account of Charles and of certain phases of his European activity the English reader will still turn to Armstrong's biography. In the second book we are again told the fascinating story of Magellan's circumnavigation of the globe, of the achievements of the conquistadores in Mexico and Peru, of the daring exploits of Spanish explorers, and of the origins of the Spanish colonial system. Though the narrative has been pieced out by new evidence at many points, yet it seems a contribution to knowledge less on the American than on the strictly European side. In dealing with the Old World some manuscript collections have been personally examined and utilized; but in dealing with the New World such valuable works as Prince's "Bosquejo de la Literatura Peruana Colonial," Weisse's "Las Civilizaciones Primitivas del Perú," Medina's "La Araucana," and Riva Palacio's "México á Través de los Siglos" are not even mentioned in the erudite footnotes. In his earlier volumes Mr. Merriman paid relatively slight attention to the rise of the Spanish Empire in the New World. In the present volume little more than one-third of his space is devoted to Spain's achievements in the Indies and to the administration of her American dependencies. The series to which it belongs will thus remain an account of Spain in the Old World with generous attention to her expansion in the New rather than a balanced narrative of her activities in both hemispheres.

WILLIAM SPENCE ROBERTSON

A Poetic Palate

A History of English Literature. By Emile Legouis and Louis Cazamian. Two volumes. Volume I: *The Middle Ages and the Renascence (650-1660).* By Emile Legouis. Translated from the French by Helen Douglas Irvine. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

IT is delightful and refreshing to review the history of our literature through the slightly detached but very discerning and friendly eyes of M. Legouis. M. Legouis has the characteristic virtues of the French critic—a just and delicate taste, a refined perception of aesthetic nuances, a sense of order and proportion, and a talent for lucid and pointed expression. When these gifts are combined with a faithful and thorough scholarship, the result is a very superior kind of history. Since his design is merely to introduce French students to the riches of a literature which is new to them, M. Legouis does not seek interest in novel points of view. What guides him in his survey is a sense of those qualities in English poetry and prose which are likely to affect most agreeably the aesthetic palate of a Frenchman. The steadiness with which the test of beauty is applied, whatever else there may be in a work to merit attention, is the distinguishing and agreeable feature of this book.

Some persons may discern the workings of national prejudice in the opening section. M. Legouis is apparently not very fond of Anglo-Saxon literature, though he tries to do justice to it. He maintains that the literature written in England before the Conquest is not really an integral part of English literature, arguing quite soundly that the true unity of a literature is constituted by the persistence of a language which remains fairly intelligible from one age to another and by the continuous active influence of the works which are literary landmarks. The absoluteness of the literary breach between Chaucer and King Alfred is beyond dispute. Nevertheless a score of years ago a challenge such as this would have roused the Teutonic fervor of our scholars to no mean pitch of indignation. And in how many will not the bile still rise at the characterization of "Beowulf" as "a poem which has come out of a cold cell in a Northumbrian cloister and breathes the air of the tomb"! Perhaps M. Legouis exaggerates the gloom of Anglo-Saxon poetry. But what would you? He is a Frenchman who loves warmth and sunshine and he likes to think, as others have thought before him, that sweetness and light came into England from across the Channel in the wake of Norman William and his joyous minstrel Taillefer. He is indeed never so happy as when he discovers that grace and genialty, that love of life and of light which speak to him the language of his own race and soil. He has a feeling of deep sympathy with Chaucer, "the lineal descendant of the French *trouvères*," and a genuine affection for the humaneness of such purely English natures as Dekker and Izaak Walton.

It is good, too, to have certain aspects of English literature appraised by one who does not belong to a Bible-worshiping nation and is untouched by the Puritan tradition. M. Legouis does not underestimate the influence of the Bible in strengthening the moral sense of the English and in imparting an imaginative and poetic coloring to their speech, but perhaps only a Frenchman, certainly no Englishman, would have trusted himself to say that the assiduous reading of the Bible might be in a measure responsible for "the troubled and confused eloquence, interrupted by usages violently subversive of logic, of which many English writers have been guilty," that the poetry has been won at the expense of intellectual clarity. The immunity from Puritanic prejudice is even more striking in the discussion of Spenser, "the admirable painter and enchanting musician who posed as a professor of morals." With a deliciously suave mockery M. Legouis brushes aside all those elaborate pretensions to an ethical system which recent American scholarship has been so earnest to elucidate. The English, he says, "were beginning to take a national pride in their seriousness, as a quality which distinguished them from the Southern peoples whom they considered more frivolous and dissolute than themselves. Spenser was the more inclined to this attitude because he wished to emulate Ariosto and counted on superior virtue to enable him to surpass 'Orlando Furioso.'" Indifferent to the moralist in Spenser, he yet rises to the full grandeur of Milton's moral earnestness and treats his thought with as clear a feeling of its greatness as his art. Anything truly classic finds an adequate response in the critical judgment of M. Legouis—a judgment which sets a high price on Massinger but is rather cold to writers like Donne, and too sensitive to the faults of the "conceited" style to take much pleasure in the lyric poets of the seventeenth century.

M. Legouis is most individual when writing on the great figures. His treatment of the lesser writers is competent and, in view of the limits of his space, remarkably concrete. His skilful summarizing of the substance of books and his gift of precise generalization should gain favor for his work as a

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manual. It is therefore to be regretted that the bibliographical footnotes in the English translation have been so badly handled. The references to editions are quite haphazard, often omitting the latest and most authoritative, and the names of German and American scholars are repeatedly distorted. Grain and Wülker, for instance, are almost unrecognizably disguised as Green and Wilkes.

JACOB ZEITLIN

Negro Eloquence

Negro Orators and Their Orations. By Carter G. Woodson. Washington, D. C. The Associated Publishers. $5.25.

THIS compilation of orations and addresses by Negro leaders, from as early a date as the first pamphlet broadside against slavery in 1788—by a Negro who wisely chose a pseudonym—to race leaders recently dead or still living, is a brave and on the whole quite successful attempt to make oratory interpret social and historical issues. Ordinarily oratory is an unreliable weather-vane of social opinion, but for most of the period covered by this particular study the issues were so vitally serious in the mind of the Negro as to give an unusual sobriety and seriousness even to his oratorical pointings. Careful historical comment upon the issues under discussion has given the collection unsual interpretative value. The volume becomes, therefore, a somewhat unique source-book for the history of the various social and political problems of the Negro.

Comparatively little eulogistic and occasional oratory has been included, and though there are many selections which are not brilliant examples of oratorical style and form, few of the selections fail to qualify as important social documents. And when figures as significant as Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Sumner, Frederick Douglass, and Booker Washington are eulogized by contemporaries and coworkers, there is more than transitory value to what was said. Perhaps the most illuminating and valuable sections are those dealing with the early protests, which are surprising in their advanced tone and competent character, with the Negro anti-slavery orators, and with the speeches of the Negro Senators and Representatives during the period of congressional representation. But the outstanding virtue of the book is, after all, that it is comprehensive—that it gives a vivid and yet reliable panoramic view both of representative Negro thought and of the whole Negro question.

ALAIN LOCKE

Books in Brief

Mr. Shaw and "The Maid." By J. M. Robertson. London: Richard Cobden-Sanderson. 5/.

The preface to "St. Joan" is subjected to some mordant and illuminating criticism.

A Study of the Oceans. By James Johnstone. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.75.

An introduction both to the science of oceanography and to the history of that science.

The Life of Racine. By Mary Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson). Harper and Brothers. $4.

A valuable because inviting account of one of the great poets of the world—one whom hitherto we have known with too little intimacy.

The Oxford Book of English Prose. Chosen and Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

An interesting but inferior companion to the same editor's famous "Oxford Book of English Verse." All that was possible has perhaps been done, but success was impossible in a world where there is so much good prose and where chapters, not pages, are the smallest judgeable units.

The Awakening of China. By James H. Dolsen. Daily Worker Publishing Company. $1.

A Communist study of China full of minor errors, exaggerations, and distortions, yet revealing an understanding of economic forces which might have made many better-documented works more useful.

The Great God Brown; The Fountain; The Moon of the Caribees; and Six Other Plays of the Sea. By Eugene O'Neill. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

This volume brings up to date the handsome collected edition of Mr. O'Neill's plays, now complete in five volumes.

The English Madrigal. By Edmund H. Fellowes. The World's Manuals. Oxford University Press. $1.40.

Mr. Fellowes, well known for numerous works on Tudor music, here condenses his knowledge for a most interesting series of books.

Inside the Moscow Art Theater. By Oliver M. Sayler. Brentano's. $4.

This elaborately illustrated book deals informingly with the history and purposes of the Moscow Art Theater. It is more particularly devoted to the Musical Studio, and was prepared in connection with the recent visit of Nemirovitch-Dantchenko to this country.

Essays in Biography: 1680-1726. By Bonamy Dobrée. Oxford University Press. $5.

Vanbrugh, Etherege, and Addison furnish the subjects for these essays, which are written in a manner more nearly that of the modern school of biographers than is usually found in studies of those literary personages who have been regarded as the exclusive possession of the schools. The essay on Addison, "the first Victorian," offers a brilliant reinterpretation.

Black Haiti. By Blair Niles. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

A conscientiously sympathetic travel book, containing sprightly historic material in anecdotal form, which, however, does not rise to its descriptive and interpretative opportunities in picturing a unique land. The romance, gorgeous color, fragrance, and picturesque charm which are intensively and peculiarly Haiti's are inadequately conveyed. The classic about Haiti remains to be written.

A Merchant of Dreams. By Abbie Graham. The Woman's Press. $2.

A rather amateurish life of Grace Dodge. Miss Dodge was a remarkable example of the philanthropic woman who, profiting enormously through our present organization of society, yet feels the responsibility of wealth and gives largely not only of her means but of herself.

□ THEATER □

THE GRAND STREET FOLLIES
4th Annual Revue of NEIGHBORHOOD
Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Drydock 7516. Evenings (Except Mon.) at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays.

THE THEATRE GUILD Presents
AT MRS. BEAM'S
A Comedy by C. K. MUNRO
with ESTELLE WINWOOD, JEAN CADELL, EARL LARIMORE, HELEN WESTLEY, HENRY TRAVERS AND OTHERS.
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St., West of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Matinees THURS. and SAT., 2:30.

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International Relations Section

The Shrinking Globe

THE International Air Conference, held at Paris during the past winter, resulted in the removal of restrictions which had not only limited German aviation to its own frontiers but had also barred other nations from crossing those boundaries. The demolition of these barriers caused the sprouting all over Europe of plans for air-lines, the vastness and the probability of which are suggested in the following article from the *Berliner Tageblatt* of June 18:

On January 15, 1918, the first regular air-line was opened in Germany, the Berlin-Hanover-Cologne line. But this was only a military experiment. With the exception of the air mail, which was established on the Eastern front as early as 1917, this line, which lasted only three months, was the beginning of German air traffic. Out of that grew a whole network of air communication, although development was hampered until recently by the fetters which the Treaty of Versailles had welded. . . . The new arrangements permit Germany to compete on a friendly basis with other nations in the air. These new agreements were no gift; the arrow which was aimed at Germany proved a boomerang. All disabilities which were placed upon German aircraft applied also to the craft of other nations crossing German territory. But it was impossible permanently to avoid German territory. The French attempted to negotiate the section Strasbourg-Prague despite the fact that they had to cross Southern Germany, but they lost their enthusiasm when every plane that was forced to land was confiscated. The situation itself finally compelled a sensible arrangement. Now the great international lines which have to cross Germany have become possible. . . .

The stage-coach brought cities together, the railroad whole countries, but aircraft unites continents. The world is shrinking; the means of communication among nations, economic and intellectual, have doubled. Daily fifteen air connections are made in Berlin. How these facilitate travel may be seen from the following table in which the fastest trains and aircraft are compared:

From Berlin to	Fastest train	Airplane
Amsterdam	10 hrs.	5 hrs. 50 min.
Basle	14 "	7 " 45 "
Breslau	5 "	2 " 30 "
Cologne	8 "	4 " 15 "
Danzig	10 "	3 " 15 "
Dortmund	7 "	3 " 35 "
Dresden	3 "	1 " 15 "
Essen	7 "	4 " 50 "
Frankfurt a. M.	8 "	4 " 45 "
Hamburg	3 " 30 min.	2 " ..
Kiel	6 "	3 " 15 "
Königsberg	10 "	5 " 10 "
London	20 "	10 " ..
Munich	9 "	4 " 35 "
Paris	19 "	8 " 15 "
Prague	7 "	3 " 5 "
Stuttgart	12 "	4 " 15 "

That is, on the average, half the time required by the fastest trains. Last year the companies now united as the Deutsche Luft-Hansa flew 4,034,979 kilometers (about 2,400,000 miles) and carried 48,184 passengers. Mail and freight traffic has also achieved considerable volume. The area covered by the Luft-Hansa today reaches 17,000 kilometers, over which 110 airplanes fly. . . .

A means of transportation like aircraft is in the long run not economically feasible if it is limited by national frontiers. Air-lines cannot stop at the boundaries. This has hitherto been the greatest hindrance to German air development. The stretches to Essen and Cologne had no connection with France, Dresden no connection with Prague, Gleiwitz none with Poland, Vienna and Innsbruck none with Italy. With England there was a connection, but it was temporary. On the other hand, lines to Holland, Denmark, Sweden, the Soviet Union, Lithuania, Switzerland, and of course Austria were in operation. Since the close of the London conference the connection with London has been regularized, that with France, Belgium, and Czecho-Slovakia established. Air service to Paris, Brussels, Ostend, and Prague is now a reality. We have agreed with France that a French line may cross German territory to Prague. In return we are permitted to carry a German line over southern France to Spain, an undertaking in which trial flights will shortly be made by German super-machines. Here is a beginning of that which only the future will be able to realize. To order this future, perhaps a very near future, properly, it is necessary to envisage the situation in enormous world space. What we have hitherto been observing was essentially Mid-Europe, the territory between London and Moscow, Stockholm and Zürich. A real picture of future development may be gained only by a survey of the continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa. In that perspective the main line of today will be but a branch line.

Today the longest line that crosses Germany is the line London-Moscow. It is evident that the Russians are planning to extend this line through Siberia to Vladivostok, with a branch line to Peking. The way to that is pointed by the Trans-Siberian Railroad, with the difference that the air-line to Peking would probably cut across Mongolia. The connection from Vladivostok to Tokio is near at hand. The second great transcontinental line also starts with the London-Berlin stretch. It is the beginning of the line England-India. This line England must carry across Germany. That was one of the chief reasons why the English demanded the freeing of German aircraft. The line which the English intend to develop in the next two years will follow the route Berlin-Constantinople-Angora-Aleppo-Bagdad-South Persia-Karachi-Calcutta. Hydroplanes will connect Calcutta with Rangoon and Singapore. From Singapore the line will fork, one line crossing the Malay Islands to North Australia-Sydney-Melbourne, the other going from Singapore to Hongkong, with extensions to Peking and Japan. Here the lines that divide at Berlin meet again. From Aleppo a branch line will go to Palestine and Egypt. Thus England has covered its chief territories, with the exception of those in America and Africa. With this line another is closely related: the African North-South line. The English flier Cobham made the stretch from Alexandria to Cape Town last year in ninety flying hours. Considering the importance which England places on its East African colonies this was a great event. London will probably also be connected with Cairo by a line crossing France.

Thus far the English plans. France has already developed several international lines. Its airplanes fly from Antibes over Corsica to Tunis, from Strasbourg through Prague, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, and Constantinople to Angora; from Toulouse via Marseilles, Barcelona, Alicante, Malaga, Tangier, and Rabat to Casablanca; and from Alicante via Oran, Fez, and Rabat to Casablanca. From Casablanca this line is extended via Agadir, Cape Juby, Port Etienne, and St. Louis to Dakar, south of the mouth of the Senegal. Political considerations have in this case determined the east-west course. Political considerations determine the further plans: the stretch Paris-Marseilles-Genoa-Rome-Brindisi-Athens-Crete-Syria, with a probable branch line from Crete to Egypt. Another plan is for a Marseilles-Corsica-Sardinia-Sicily-Cairo line. Holland, too, intends to establish a connection with her colonies, and Belgium with the Congo.

The German plans have been indicated. The connection with Poland and Italy will be established sooner or later. Of these the Italian line is the more important. The trans-Alpine

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lines will probably go from Zürich to Milan, from Munich to Venice, and from Vienna to Trieste. At Berlin these trans-Alpine lines connect with Scandinavia and the East.

An Italian program has recently been published. It includes of course the trans-Alpine lines from Milan to Lausanne, Zürich to Constance, Innsbruck to Munich, and Trieste to Vienna. Another east-west line goes from Tangier via Barcelona, Genoa, Rome, and Naples to Brindisi and thence via Valona and Saloniki to Constantinople. From Milan likewise a line goes to Brindisi, which is continued to Crete (Candia), Cyrenaica, and Egypt. A great line is that from Italy to Tripoli and Tunis, with branch lines from Tripoli to Ben-Ghasi and Derna. The Italian program is very extensive. Whether it can be realized soon remains to be seen.

Such are the air-lines which will unite the countries of the Old World and Australia. Two questions become urgent: What about connection with America? What about airships? Both questions are interrelated. A German airship has crossed the Atlantic from Spain to the United States. For this voyage airships seem to be the proper means. But a German Dornier-Wal hydroplane has also crossed the Atlantic from Spain to Pernambuco, under the command of the Spanish flier Franco, in thirty-five hours. Both accomplishments are individual feats, on which as yet no air-lines can be built. To be sure, we hope that some day the German line to Spain can be continued to South America. But despite the flight of the Z. R. III, the use of dirigibles for regular transportation is still problematical. This needs emphasis, especially in Germany. As matters stand today the airplane has a great advantage over the airship. Plans for airship lines, however, are under consideration. England contemplates several great lines, one from London down the west coast of Africa to Cape Town; another via Egypt to India, with a continuation to Australia and Eastern Asia; a third to Canada. Trial flights are planned for these stretches, but these are mere plans.

Air travel is still a child in swaddling clothes. It is not yet free from the influence of the seasons and the weather; the problem of night flying is not solved. Much remains to be done, not only in the development of the various lines but also in technique of aviation. But when we consider how short a time has passed since men first went up from the ground in heavier-than-air craft and what development has been achieved in those short twenty years, many things which seem wild and daring dreams are not at all fantastic.

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